A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widdow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorks* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, will make me ſmile in *France*.
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Qu. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu. Ma. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why ſhould calamitie be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Qu. Windie attturnies to your client woes,
Aierie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what the
Helpe not at all, yet doe they eaſe the
Dut. If ſo, then be not tong-tide, go
And in the breath of bitter words, lets
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſon
Iheare his drum, be copious in exclai
Enter King Richard marching w
and Trumpets.
King. Who intercepts my expedit
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue interc
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wo
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that th
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that forehead wit
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owd
And the dire death of my two ſonnes,
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are
Dut. Thou rode, thou rode, where i
And little Ned Plantagenet, his Sonn
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Riuers*,
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike al
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-ta
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike
Either be patient, and intreat me faire
Or with the clamorous report of warr
Thus will I drowne your exclamation
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my father a
Dut. Then patiently heare my imp
King. Madam I haue a touch of yo
Which cannot brooke the accent of
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in
King. And briefe good mother for
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtai
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and ag
King. And came I not at laſt to cou
Dut. No by the holy roode thou k
Thou camſt on earth, to make the ea

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